

Daddys Money
Ricochet

Daddy s Money By: Ricochet

C# G# C#
(1st Verse) Cain t concentrate on the preacher preachin ,
G# C#
My attention span done turned off.
G# C#
I want in on that angel singin ,
Eb G#
Up there in the choir loft.

C#
(Chorus) She s got her Daddy s money, Her Mama s good looks,
G#
More laughs than a stack of comic books.

A wild imagination, a college education,
C#
Add it all up, it s a deadly combination.
F#
She s a good bass fisher, a dynamite kisser, country as a turnip green.

A (Stop on first time)
She s got her Daddy s money, her Mama s good looks,
C#
And look who s lookin at me.

G# C#
(2nd Verse) Her second cousin was my third grade teacher.
G# C#
I used to cut her Grandma s grass.
G# C#
Back then she was nothin but knees and elbows.
Eb G#
Golly did she grow up fast!

(Chorus) (Lead) G

G# C#
(3rd Verse) Lord if you ve got any miracles handy,
G# C#
Maybe you can grab me one.

G# **C#**
Just let me walk down the isle and say I do,
Eb **G#**
To that angel with the choir robe on.

(Chorus)

G# (Stop)
She s got her Daddy s money, her Mama s good looks,
C#
And look who s lookin at me.